Nau. Heare me deare Lady, I haue ſworne an oath,
Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, hee'll be forſworne.
Nau. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.
Prin. Why will ſhall breake it will, and nothing els.
Nau. Your Ladiſhip is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my Lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where now his knowledge muſt proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath ſworne out House-keeping:
'Tis deadly ſinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And ſinne to breake it:
But pardon me I am too ſodaine bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beſeemeth me.
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my comming,
And ſodainly reſolue me in my ſuite.
Nau, Madam, I will, if ſodainly I may.
Prin. You will the ſooner that I were away,
For you'le proue periur'd if you make me ſtay.
Berow. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Roſa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Ber. I know you did.
Roſa. How needleſſe was it then to aske the queſtion?
Ber. You muſt not be ſo quicke.
Roſa. 'Tis long of you that ſpurre mee with ſuch queſtions.
Ber Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.
Roſa. Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire.
Ber. What time a day?
Roſa. The houre that fooles ſhould aske.
Ber. Now faire befall your maske.
Roſa. Faire falls the face it couers.
Ber. And ſend you many Louers.
Roſa. Amen, ſo you be none.
Ber. Nay then will I begone.
Kin. Madame your father here doth intimate,
The payment of a hundred thouſand Crownes,
Being but th'one halfe of an intire ſumme,
Diſburſed by my father in his warres.
But ſay that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiu'd that ſumme; yet there remaines vnpaid
A hundred thouſand more: in ſurety of the which,

One part of *Aquitane* is bound t
Although not valued to the mo
If then the King your father will
But that one halfe which is but ſa
We will giue vp our right in *Aq*
And hold faire friendſhip with hi
But that it ſeemes he little purpoſ
For here he doth demand to haue
An hundred thouſand Crownes,
One payment of an hundred thou
To haue his title liue in *Aquita*
Which we much rather had depa
And haue the money by our fath
Then *Aquitaine*, ſo guelded as
Deare Princeſſe, were not his req
From reaſons yeelding, your fair
A yeelding 'gainſt ſome reaſon in
And goe well ſatiſfied to *France*
Prin. You doe the King my f
And wrong the reputation of yo
In ſo vnſeeming to confeſſe recei
Of that which hath ſo faithfully
Kin. I doe proteſt I neuer hea
And if you proue it, Ile repay it
Or yeeld vp *Aquitaine*.
Prin. We arreſt your word:
Boyet, You can produce acqui
For ſuch a ſumme from ſpeciall
Of *Charles* his Father.
Kin. Satiſfie me ſoe.
Boyet. So pleaſe your grace th
Where that and other ſpecialties
To morrow you ſhall haue a ſigh
Kin. It ſhall ſuffice me; at whi
All liberall reaſon would I yeeld
Meane time, receiue ſuch welco
As Honour, without breach of H
Make tender of, to thy true wort
You may not come faire Princeſſ

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOT